

THE DIVINE HEALER.

Dr. Talmage on Christ as the Great Physician.

The Saviour's Cures Always the Most Wonderful—A Physician Whose Treatment Was Without Money or Price—Final Gathering of the Saved.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage discoursed on the mission of healing. His text was Matthew 11: 5: "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear." He said:

"Doctor," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "O, no," he answered, "all that is overcome by my joy in them." A sublime or more merciful art never came down from Heaven than the art of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion, namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans and then by the early Christians! Ape, being the brute most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body was to be unrolled for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeon had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any religious operation they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagades, because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incision of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism; and we see it again in II Kings, where Azariah, the monarch, stepped into the crackling altar-work in the palace, and it broke and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid; and Esculapian, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was deified, and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos.

What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had ever been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients; and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds received in walking barefoot over the temple pavements, had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling in the surgeons the people only invoked the gods. But notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill of the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles we read of them; the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah; the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy; the sunstroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying: "My head! my head!" King Acha's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; deflection of teeth, which called for dental surgery, the skill of which, quite equal to any thing modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the unrolled Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind at the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire, and into the waters of Bethesda, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox and going out to the fields to pasture.

The world has never seen but one surgeon who could straighten the crooked limb, cure the blind eye, or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear, or reduce a dropsy, without any pain at the time, or any pain after, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, mightiest, grandest, gentlest and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw or ever will see, and He deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth and hallelujahs of all Heaven. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago?" O, what he meant to say after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until there is a complete contraction of the muscles and false ligatures are formed and ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago. But Christ the Surgeon seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of twelve years and He stopped it. Another was a curvature of eighteen years and He straightened it. Another was a cripple of thirty-eight years and he walked out well. The eighteen-year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out of shape. Perhaps they might stop it from getting any worse, perhaps they might contrive braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but she, humbly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine Surgeon put both His hands on hers and from that doubled up posture she began to rise, and the emurpled face began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles began to relax from their rigidity, and the spinal column began to adjust itself, and the cords of the neck began to be more supple, and the eyes, that could see only the ground before, now looked up to the face of Christ with gratitude, and up toward Heaven in transport. Straight! After eighteen weary and exhaustive years, straight! The poise, the gracefulness, the beauty of healthy womanhood reinstated.

The thirty-eight years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible, although the waters have disap-

peared, probably through some combination of nature, the bath, 140 feet long, 40 feet wide and eight feet deep. Ah, poor man! if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight years that mineral bath can not restore you. Why, thirty-eight years is more than the average of human life! Nothing but the grave will cure you.

But Christ the Surgeon walks along these baths, and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered, or a year, or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who has been nearly four decades helpless, and to this thirty-eight years' invalid said: "Will thou be made whole?" The question asked, not because the Surgeon did not understand the protractedness of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Will thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "O, yes," says this man, "that is what I came to these mineral baths for; I have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I have got worse and worse, and I can neither move hand or foot or head. O, if I could only be free from this pain of thirty-eight years!" Christ the Surgeon could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and with a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, He says, "Rise!" And the invalid instantly scrambled to his knees and then put out his right foot, and then his left foot and then stood upright as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the Doctor with a joy too much to be told, the Surgeon says to the man: "Shoulder this mattress for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and stand out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" O what a Surgeon for chronic cases then and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin, and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin twelve years, eighteen years, thirty-eight years. Here is a Surgeon able to give immortal health. "O, you say, 'I am so completely overthrown and trampled down of sin that I can not rise.' Are you flatter than this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the Surgeon who offers you His right cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for thirty-eight years, those who have not been to church for thirty-eight years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for thirty-eight years. A Christ for exiles! A Christ for a dead life! A Surgeon who never loses a case!

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon, I must consider Him an oculist, or eye doctor, and an aurist, or ear doctor. There was ever such another oculist! That He was particularly sorry for the blind folk, I take from the fact that the most of His work was with the diseased optic nerves. I have not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got His cure. Two blind men in one house, also one was born blind; so that it was not removal of a visual obstruction, but the creation of the cornea, and ciliary muscle, and crystalline lens, and retina, and optic nerve, and tear gland; also the blind man of Bethesda, cured by the saliva which the Surgeon took from the tip of His own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also two blind men who sat by the wayside. In our civilized lands we have blindness enough, the ratio fearfully increasing, according to the statement of Boston and New York and Philadelphia oculists. Because of the reading of morning and evening newspapers on the jolting cars by the multitudes who live out of the city and come in to business. But in the lands where this divine Surgeon operated the cases of blindness were multiplied beyond every thing by the particles of sand floating in the air and the night dew falling on the eyelids of those who slept on the tops of their houses, and in some of these lands it is estimated that twenty out of a hundred people are totally blind. Amid all that crowd of visionless people what work for an oculist! And I do not believe that more than one out of a hundred of that surgeon's cures were reported. He went up and down among those people who were feeling slowly their way by staff or led by the hand of man or rope of dog, and introducing them to the faces of their own households, and to the sunrise and the sunset and the evening star. He just ran his hand over the expressionless face and the shutters of both windows were swung open and the restored went home crying: "I see! I see! Thank God, I see!" That is the oculist we all need. Till He touches our eyes we are blind. Yea, we were born blind. By nature we see things wrong if we see them at all.

Our best eternal interests are put before us and we can not see them. The glories of a loving and pardoning Christ are projected and we do not behold them. Or we have a defective sight which makes the things of the future, time bigger than eternity. Or we are color blind and can not see the difference between the blackness of darkness forever and the roseate morning of an everlasting day. But Christ the Surgeon comes in, and though we shrink back afraid to have Him touch us, yet He puts His fingers on the closed eyelids of the soul and midnight becomes mid noon.

But this Surgeon was just as wonderful as an aurist. Very few people have two good ears. Nine out of ten people are particular not to get on this or that side of you when they sit, or walk or ride with you because they have one disabled ear. Many have both ears damaged, and what with the constant racket of our great cities, and the catarrhal troubles that sweep through the land, it is remarkable that there are any good ears at all. Most wonderful instrument is the human ear. It is sharp, and drum, and telegraph, and telephone, and whispering gallery all in one. So delicate and wondrous is its construction that the most difficult of all things to reconstruct is the auditory apparatus. The slightest of acousticians have put their skill to its returning, and sometimes they stop the progress of its decadence, or remove temporary obstructions, but not more than one really deaf ear out of a hundred thousand is ever cured. It took God to make the ear, and it takes a God to mend it. That makes me curious to see how Christ the Surgeon succeeds, as an aurist.

We are told of only two cases He operated on as an ear surgeon. His friend Peter, who had been deaf and dumb, was Christ insulted by a man by the name of Malchus and Peter let his sword fly, aiming at the man's head, but the sword slipped and hewed off the outside ear, and our Surgeon touched the laceration,

and another ear bloomed in the place of the one that had been slashed away. But it is not the outside ear that hears. That is only a funnel for gathering sound and pouring it into the hidden and more elaborate ear. On the beach of Lake Galilee our Surgeon found a deaf man dumb. The patient dwelt in perpetual silence and was speechless. He could not hear a note of music or a clap of thunder. He could not call father or mother or wife of children by name. What power can wield that dull tympanum or reach that chain of small bones or revive that auditory nerve or open the gate between brain and the outside world? The Surgeon put His fingers in the deaf ears and agitated them, and he began agitating them until the vibration gave vital energy to all the dead parts, and they responded, and when our Surgeon withdrew His fingers from the ears, the two tunnels of sound were clear for all sweet voices of music and friendship. For the first time in his life he heard the dash of the waves of Galilee. Through the desert of painful silence had been built a king's highway of resonance and sound. But yet he was dumb. No word had ever leaped over his lip. Speech was chained under his tongue. Vocalization and articulation were to him an impossibility. He could express neither love nor indignation nor worship. Our Surgeon, having unbared his ear, will now melt the shackle of his tongue. The Surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that He used on the ears, and the moisture of his hand will melt the shackle of his tongue. The application is made. And lo, the rigidity of the dumb tongue is relaxed, and between the tongue and teeth were born a whole vocabulary, and words flew into expression. He not only heard but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and the other gate swung out to let sound depart. Why is it that while other surgeons used only the intellect and force, and probes and speculums, this Surgeon used only the ointment of His own lips? To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if He touches us not, we shall be deaf as a tomb. O, Thou greatest of all Aurists, compel us to hear and help us to speak!

But what were the Surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked limbs? The skill and the painlessness of the operation were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases He took were all moneyless. Did He not treat the nobleman's son? Did He not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did He not affect a cure in the house of a centurion of great wealth, who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? If He had demanded them, large fees if He had demanded them, but there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem, and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias, who would have given this Surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as He could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received \$1,000, \$5,000, and in one case I know of \$50,000, but the Surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing, not a cent. He had no earthly life, we know of His having had but 63½ cents. When His taxes were due, by His omniscience He knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow any thing bright, and He sent Peter with a hook which brought up that fish, and from its mouth he extracted a Roman sester, and the cents, the only money he ever had, but that he paid out for taxes. This great Surgeon of all the centuries gave all His services then, and offers all His services now, free of all charge. "Without money, and without price" you may spiritually have your blind eyes opened, and your deaf ears unbared, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed, and your soul saved. If Christian people get hurt of body, mind or soul, let them go to the surgeon who is hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory. Besides that, there are powerful anesthetics in the divine promises that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocaine ever made one so superior to distress as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." What a grand thing for our poor human race when this Surgeon shall have completed the treatment of all the world's wounds. The day will come when there will be no more hospitals, for there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirmaries, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts for the round earth will be brought under a universal anodyne, and no more blizzards or strokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war, for the sword shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning hooks. While in the heavenly country we shall see those who were the victims of accident or malformation, or hereditary ills on earth, become the athletes in El Dorado fields. Who is that who is bright like a lion close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind, and our Surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that erect and graceful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our Surgeon mended almost double, and could in no wise lift up herself, and He made her straight. Who is that listening to his soft rapture to the music of Heaven, who mends a chorus, who mends a trumpet and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our Surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee and with two touches opened the ear-gate and mouth-gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring look and thanksgiving and cries of "O, what He did for me! O, what He did for my family!" O, what He did for the world! That is the Surgeon of all the centuries, the Oculist, the Aurist, the Emancipator, the Saviour. No pay He took on earth. Come, now, let Heaven pay Him with worship that shall never die. On His head be all the crowns! In His hands be all the scepters, and at His feet be all the world!

A gentleman went to keep a written appointment in Wall street with a broker whom he did not know by sight. Seeing a forlorn-looking gentleman seated in the office, he said: "Pardon me, sir, are you the broker?" (To which the other promptly replied: "No, sir, I'm the fellow that got broke!")—Texas Sittings.

—Rev. Mr. Stagg, the famous baseball pitcher of Yale, is pretty sick of the threadbare remark made to him about a dozen times a day by cheerful idiots to the effect that if his delivery of sermons is as good as his delivery in baseball he is all right.—N. Y. Tribune.

CAMP-FIRE STORIES.

LEE'S APPLE TREE.

Only One Northern Soldier Secured a Genuine Appomattox Relic.

A recent article in the Atlanta Constitution said all the published statements that numerous persons in the North had relied on the famous Appomattox apple tree, were absolutely false. It stated: upon the authority of Confederate Generals who were present at the surrender of General Lee, that only one man connected with the Union force had ever obtained any portion of that tree, and that he had only a portion of the root or trunk. It explained that the whole tree had been cut to pieces by members of the Confederate army before the Union forces came upon the ground, and that the master of transportation of the Union army, who at General Lee's request, supplied the Confederate army with rations was only able to secure the last remaining portion of the tree and that it was forty-eight hours after he appeared before any other member of the Union forces had access to the field. The article also added that the sole possessor of a piece of this historical tree north of Mason and Dixon's line was Colonel Bates now of Philadelphia.

The writer ascertained that the person referred to was George H. Bates, at present proprietor of the Oriental Hotel on Market street, in this city, who was at the time of the surrender of Lee's army master of transportation of the army of the Potomac. Mr. Bates, when questioned upon the subject yesterday, gave his statement of the matter as follows:

"Yes, sir. The statement is correct, and I am the man referred to. When I have heard and read accounts of persons having canes and other articles made from that famous tree I have been amazed, because I know that I am the only man north of Mason and Dixon's line who ever obtained a relic from that tree. This is what occurred on that memorable April day when Lee surrendered. I was master of transportation in the army of the Potomac. Immediately upon General Grant's return after his meeting with General Lee, who had gained our march, the Confederates with General Lee's request have food sent to his starving troops. I received orders to prepare a train of wagons with rations and to take them beyond our lines under the flag of truce into the enemy's lines and report to General Lee.

"A speedily gathered nineteen wagon loads of rations passed through our lines and passed along the road near the farm house where General Lee had waited for General Grant. I inquired for the Confederate General's headquarters and was answered two or three times by being spit at. Finally I found it, where with General Lee and his staff officers a brief time was spent pleasantly in which some prime applejack was produced, of which we all took a nip. Then I asked some Confederates standing around to unload the wagons, but they refused, saying: 'See there, who ordered manual labor evidently degrading, whereupon I ordered my subordinates to dismount and unload, which they did grudgingly, as they doubtless thought if we were good enough to bring food to the enemy, the latter might at least be willing to carry it away.

"Well, about 4:30 or five p. m. we started with the empty wagons back to our lines. On the way I saw General Lee standing looking away at the stump of the tree which a few hours previous had sheltered General Lee from the sun's rays. In reply to my inquiry the relievers said they wanted souvenirs to keep of the tree under which their General had surrendered. Then there was nothing left but the root. I immediately took a jack-knife and cut out a piece, which I have preserved to the present time, and another piece which I handed to my subordinate, who carried it away with him on the charge. I have also kept. I was given a pass by General Lee's Adjutant-General to go in and out of the lines at will. I have also preserved that. Here it is."

The document was then shown the writer, signed by General Lee and countersigned, bearing date April 9, 1865.

Mr. Bates continued his story by saying that on his next visit into the enemy's lines not a single relic of that tree, branch, or root, remained, and with the exception of General Grant and his two staff officers, General Rawlings and Colonel Leete, no Union officers or soldiers passed the lines until forty-eight hours later. He therefore feels convinced that the statement made by the Southern journal is correct that only Confederates, with the exception of himself, obtained any portion of that historical tree.

There were other apple trees at a distance, but still in the vicinity of the place of surrender, which the Union relievers speedily laid under tribute. Mr. Bates showed the writer the pieces he obtained—the root, which is 3½ inches in dimensions, and the ring with the heart given on it—Philadelphia Times.

ing out of the ranks to gain the rear. In a quarter of an hour half a company of Confederates could have driven the Union brigade like a flock of sheep. I saw men cry like children. I saw others tremble and sit down from weakness. Every fresh report added to the feeling of terror, and by and by pride and discipline gave way to a grand rush, and it was every man for himself. No one would stop to reason. No one cared whether his comrade was ahead or behind. This was talked backward, but it was not. It was panic—the terror of battle—a senseless but powerful something which seizes the bravest men and makes children of them.

In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air, when the enemy was within point-blank range. I saw plenty of them drop off their faces and tremble, groan and cry. This was a case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be trampled until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the Confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's Hill joked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking a dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing the next quarter of an hour after sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. It was a natural rifle-pit, and sheltered us so well that we had only a slight loss in killed and wounded. As the Confederates charged across the fields we felt to pity them. We poured out of our volleys without danger in return, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice but terror. No coward could have been induced to march across those meadows in the face of that terrible fire from cannon and musketry.

At Cold Harbor, after beating off everything in our front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one had gained our rear. The Confederates men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeers of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate. At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover of a stone wall, and we knew that we were well supported. We hoped for a charge, and when it came every man was cool and calm and confident. A band of prisoners numbering about thirty, was led past us on their way to the rear, and I noticed that many were crying, and all were white-faced. I have seen the best soldiers and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a second lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell into a ditch and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. They never yield to ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand returns.—Detroit Free Press.

Women Who Served in the War.
Plucky girls they must have been who in the rebellion shouldered the musket and fought in the ranks. The muster-rolls show a number of cases of soldiers who were discovered to be women. In Fox's "Regimental Losses" are reported the following instances:

Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Company D. "Charles B. Fuller," detected as being a female; discharged.
One hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Company D. "Sarah Ann Frank Mayne," desert August 24, 1862, subsequently killed in battle in another regiment and discovered to be a woman; real name Frances Day.
Second Michigan Company F. "Franklin Thompson," deserted. (Charge of desertion removed by House Committee on Military Affairs, Washington, February, 1887, the soldier having had a good record and fought well in several battles, but proved to be a woman; real name, Miss Seeley.)
Twenty-sixth North Carolina (C. S. A.) Company P. "Miss L. M. Paylock," enlisted March 21, 1861; discharged for being a woman.

RANDOM SHOTS.

The W. R. C. are giving poverty parties. Apron sales are also popular.
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, has a Woman's Relief Corps and a Grand Army post.
CUSTER POST, No. 6, Leavenworth, Kan., during the past year has built a fine hall, 44x50 feet, costing \$6,000.

The Grand Army of the Republic of Virginia has bought a tract of land comprising the Cedar Creek (Va.) battlefield.

A CLERK in one of the departments at Washington has discovered that soldiers in the late war were killed in their first, third and fifth battles more than in any other.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the famous actor, is a comrade. He commanded a company in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts. He entered the service December 12, 1861.

POSTS of the G. A. R. are being organized among the colored veterans of the States of Louisiana and Mississippi. It is said that there are fully 30,000 colored veterans residing in these two States.

THERE have been five Lieutenant-Generals of the United States army—Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

ALBERT NEWMAN, one of the soldiers in the seven days' battle of the Wilderness, when the daily allowance of food was only two crackers, died in El Paso recently of a gripe, aged fifty-one years. He was one of the Seventh New Jersey volunteers during the war.

The annual report of the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Wisconsin shows the present membership of the department to be 13,987, a net gain during the past year of 1,991. The deaths for the year aggregate 150. Twenty new posts have been organized and mustered during the year. The financial condition is decidedly better. The receipts were \$8,337.17; exp. \$6,885.48; leaving a balance of \$2,451.69.

GENERAL DAN SICKLES, sheriff of New York, is immensely rich, through inheritance from an eccentric father. The General has had a marvelous career. He has been a member of Congress, a Minister to Spain, was a Major-General in the late rebellion and killed Philip Barton Key in 1858 in a duel. The house now occupied by Secretary Blaine, a house of ill omen, the same in which Secretary Seward was stabbed.



"I drink this cup to one made up of loveless alone— Of her sex, the seeming partner."

These lines of Pinckney bring before the mental vision a woman of surpassing beauty, challenging admiration and homage. This sentimental fibrous was, no doubt, worthily bestowed by the poet, but it is a prosaic fact that large numbers of our fair country-women are deficient in personal charms, because they do not try and conquer the disorders peculiar to sex, and from which so many of them suffer martyrdom. As it is the ambition of every woman to look her best, let the afflicted ones use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and thus recover their health, without which there can be no beauty.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, not a beverage; carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in composition and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, and other distressing nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the uterus, or womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

It is the only medicine for the cure of all these peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to females, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case or price (\$1.00) will be promptly refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

For a Book of 199 pages on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them, (sent free) send a plain envelope, enclosing ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 635 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS: PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Unequaled as a LIVER PILL. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Dropsy, Biliary Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

DISSOLVER FOR CATARRH. Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH. It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50¢. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, Dr. R. H. HAZEN, Warren, Pa.

Tutt's Pills stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from the poison. Elegant and sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.

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VASELINE PREPARATIONS. On receipt of price in postage stamps we will send free by mail the following valuable articles:

One Box of Pure Vaseline, 10 Cts.
One Box of Vaseline Camphor Ice, 10 Cts.
One Box of Vaseline Cold Cream, 15 Cts.
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, 10 Cts.
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